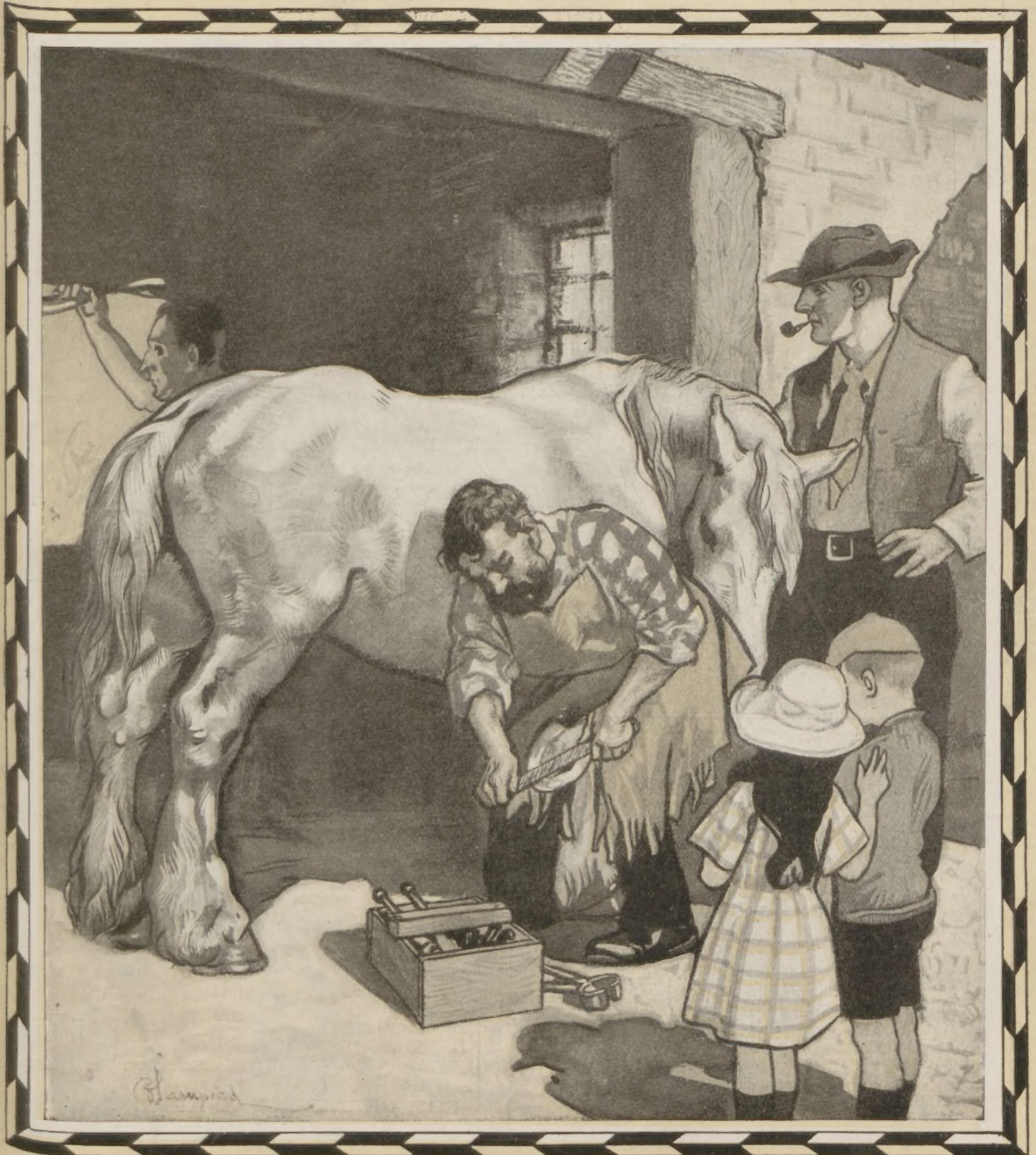


The Children's Paper

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

OCTOBER 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Rush-bearers

WE cover the floors of our rooms with carpet, or woollen mats, or linoleum, and so make the house warm and comfortable. In this respect the poor man's cottage of to-day is often finer and cosier than was the nobleman's castle in the days of long ago.

In those far-away times, when a cottage was built, the bare earth formed the floor, and this was, of course, very cold and cheerless.

The ladies in the nobleman's castle used to make beautiful fabrics known as tapestry; and these were used, not as carpets, but to cover the bare stone walls of their apartments.

On the floors clean straw was laid or green rushes from the banks of the streams, which, when dried and pressed, gave out a pleasant odour. When the "car-

pet" of straw or rushes had been well trodden, it was swept away and a new one was laid down.

It used to be the custom to strew the floor of the church also with the fragrant rushes. At a certain time of the year the rushes were gathered by the country people and taken in bundles to the churchyard. Here they were dried before being strewn over the earthen floor of the church.

The boys and girls of Grasmere, in the Lake District, are not likely to forget that at one time

rushes were used as floor coverings. For in the summer of each year they take part in what is known as the "rush-bearing," when they walk in procession from the church to the sound of the village band. You will find the music of the "Rush-bearing March" on the next page.

On a Saturday in August the children meet about four o'clock in the afternoon and place the rushes which they have gathered on the low walls of the churchyard for all to see and admire. The rushes are arranged in various shapes, often decorated with garlands of flowers, and are sometimes fixed on poles for carrying in the procession.

When all the children are gathered together, the procession is formed. At the head is borne the banner of St. Oswald, followed by the choir of the church, and then comes the village band. Next walks one of the village maidens, who has been chosen by the others as a

kind of summer queen, with four attendant girls, who carry by the corners a large sheet in which rushes are placed. Last of all come the rush-bearers with the decorated bundles, of which mention has already been made.

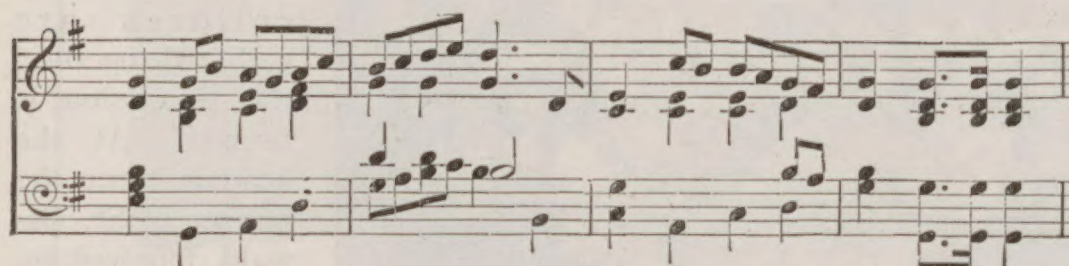
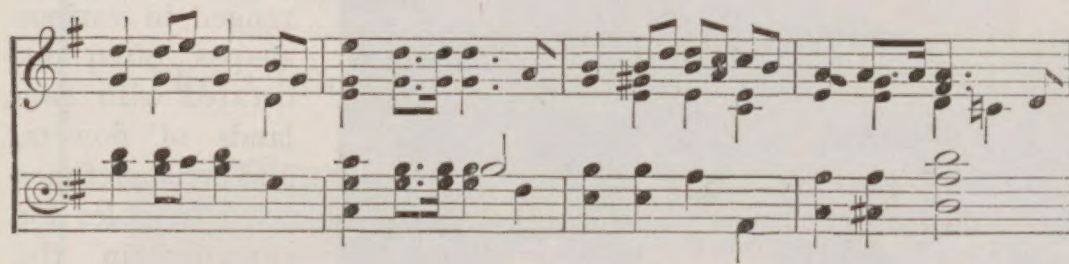
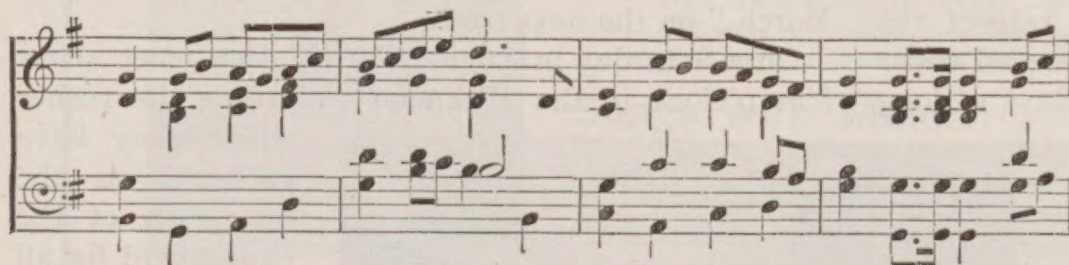
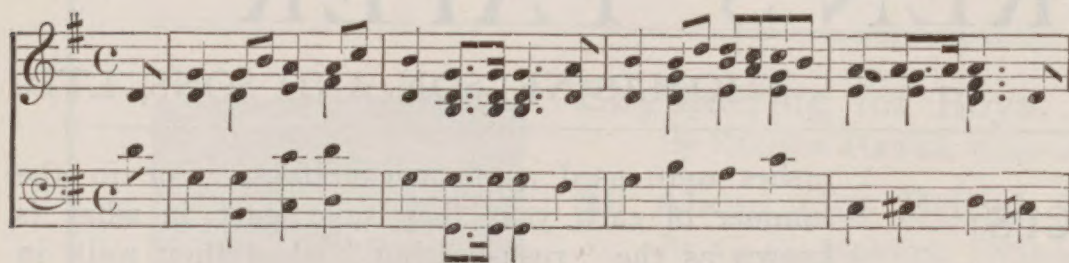
The procession passes round the village through crowds of people, many of whom have come from far away; and, on the return to the church, the rushes are placed within the sacred building. Some of the bundles are untied and the loose rushes strewn about



"RUSH-BEARING" AT GRASMERE.

(Reproduced by permission from the painting by Frank Bramley.)

THE RUSH-BEARING MARCH.



the aisles of the church, as a reminder of the olden days, though they are no longer needed as a covering for the floor.

At one time rush-bearing used to be observed in many villages of England, and especially in the northern counties. We read of the rushes being borne in procession at Haworth, in Yorkshire; in more than one village of Kent, the garden county of England; in the farming shire of Lincoln, and the busy manufacturing county of Lancashire. But the custom has now died out in all these places, and only lives on in the Lake District.

The poet Wordsworth lived for many years in Grasmere, and was much interested in the rush-bearing. He writes of it in one of his poems:—

"This day, when forth by rustic music led,
The village children, while the sky is red

With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still churchyard, each with gar-
land gay,
That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
Of the proud bearer."

Wordsworth loved the Lake Country, and describes its beauty and its grandeur in his poetry. No English writer tells us more of its lovely lakes, its lofty mountains, and its green valleys.

Mother Shipton's Prophecy

[It is said that the following lines were first written nearly five hundred years ago. They tell of certain things which Mother Shipton, the famous wise woman of Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, said would come to pass some day. You will be able to tell whether any of her prophecies have come true.]

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with
woe;

Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.

The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a
tree.

Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse be at his side.

Under the water man shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.

Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's now not known.

Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

[Perhaps you can add a verse or two after con-
sidering some of our modern inventions.]



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



IT was the old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she noticed how the cabman put out his hand to regulate the other traffic. At last she could bear it no longer, so she said, "You look at what you're doing, and I will tell you when it begins to rain."

Sent in by S. HUBBUCKS,
50 Shorrols Road, Fulham.

+ + +

Considerate Little Girl. "Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

Sent in by DOREEN I. BUSS,
Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex.

+ + +

THE word "thief" was on the blackboard, but Tommy could not spell it.

"Surely you know what that spells," said the master. "Well, suppose I put my hand into your pocket and take out a penny, what should I be?"

"A conjurer, sir."

Sent in by ROGER PEARCE,
8 Fore Street, Kingsbridge.

+ + +

CHURCH Notice: Evening service, 7.30.

"On the Road to Destruction." Come and join us.

Nurse. "Do look at your jammy mouth."

Child. "I can't, Nanna. My face is on it."

Sent in by HERBERT GEORGE COOPER,
15 Lind Street, Ancoats.

+ + +

Tramp. "I've asked for money, and I've begged for money, and I've cried for money, mum."

Lady. "Have you ever thought of working for it, my man?"

Tramp. "No, mum; you see I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to 'W' yet."

Sent in by JENNIE W. BOYLE,
20 Rigg Street, Stewarton.

+ + +

Two men were watching a cricket match in the country. The fielding was awful. Three easy catches had been missed in the last quarter of an hour.

"I cannot think what is the matter with the team that is fielding," said one of them. "They seem to be 'afflicted with a sore disease' of some sort."

"Whatever the disease may be," said his friend, "it certainly is a disease that is not catching."

Sent in by MANA I. WARHURST,
116 Petre Street, Sheffield.

Uncle to nephew's father. "Well, and how is John going on in the fifth standard?"

Father. "Oh, he is getting on well; he has learned a quick way of counting sheep."

Uncle. "Oh, what is that?"

Father. "He counts their legs and then divides by four."

Sent in by POLLY DEAN,
4 Canal Street, Adlington, near Chorley.

+ + +

Little Girl. "Mother, what are you doing?"

Mother. "I'm dying your dress."

Little Girl. "Please let me see it when it is quite dead."

Sent in by ANNA FAULKNER,
14 Rugby Road, Belfast.

+ + +

"I WANT a yard of meat, please," said a lady as she entered a butcher's shop.

"A yard of meat?" said the butcher.

"Yes," was the reply.

"If you can get a yard of meat in this district I will give you five pounds."

"I can get a yard of meat in this district. Look here," she said, taking out of a barrel three pig's feet. "Three feet make one yard."

"So they do," said the butcher. "Here's your five pounds."

Sent in by EDNA GILLESPIE,
191 Grimsby Road, New Cleethorpes.

+ + +

Johnny. "Please, Auntie, do your glasses magnify?"

Auntie. "Yes, dear."

Johnny. "Well, please, will you take them off while you give me my share of jelly?"

Sent in by AUBREY BATCHELOR,
49 Hlsley Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

+ + +

Doctor. "Put out your tongue—more than that—all of it."

Tommy. "But, doctor, I can't. It's fastened at the other end!"

Sent in by BRIAN OSBORNE,
John Street, Sligo.

+ + +

A LITTLE boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said, "Ernie, have you eaten the pear?"

"Yes, mother, all but the seed."

Sent in by MARY GUMBLETON,
Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

+ + +

"CHARLES," said Coleridge one day to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

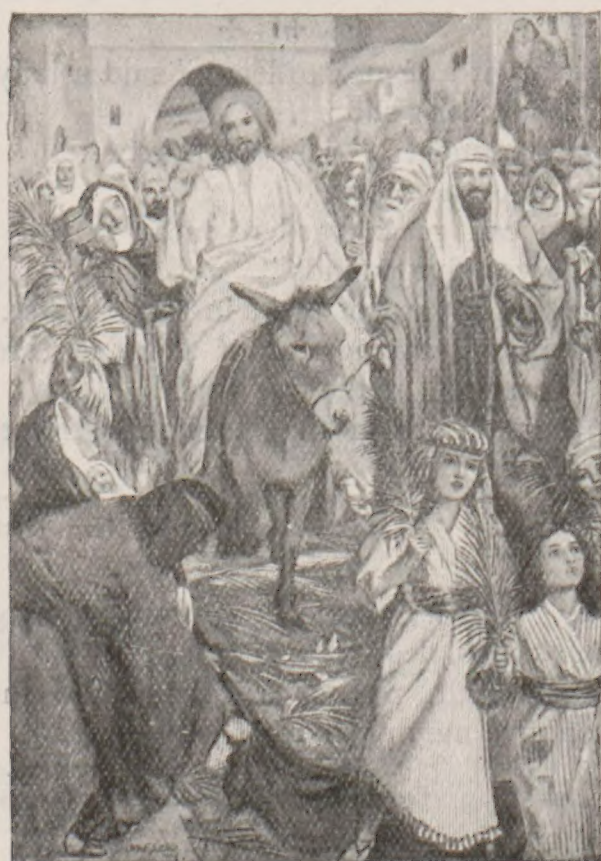
Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

10. RIDING INTO JERUSALEM

AMONG the pilgrims, some riding on mules and donkeys, some walking, all with staffs and bundles, Jesus and the disciples went through the arch in the wall of the old town of Jericho. John rejoiced to see the people crowding to see the Prophet



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

of Nazareth as He went along the narrow street. There was an open part where trees grew, and they stopped beneath one of them overhanging the way; and John was surprised when Jesus, looking up, talked with some one in the tree, bidding him come down, because He wished to stay at his house. John was astonished to see that it was Zacchæus, the chief tax-gatherer of the town; and the little man was much pleased. He invited them all to come with Jesus and live with him in his large house. And John heard the Pharisees telling the people with scoffs and jeers that this young Prophet was going to live with a wicked man, whose house they would not be seen entering. But Jesus paid no heed. As they sat at dinner in the tax-gatherer's

house He spoke freely, telling them that men should make the best use of the talents God has given them.

When they left the city of palm trees and roses, the cry arose that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and again the streets were crowded. And John rejoiced to hear a louder voice calling his Master the son of King David. It was a blind beggar wishing to be healed.

The great city of Jerusalem on the hills was already so full for the festival, that many families had to live in tents on the slopes of Olivet. Every day the Temple courts were crowded with people, some of whom had not met for a year. Men talked of what had happened at the last festival, and asked each other idly if they thought Jesus would come to this one. It was generally thought He would not; for the managers of the Temple had made it known that if Jesus came back they would kill Him, and kill Lazarus also.

But Jesus at that very time was coming up the gorge from Jericho to the hills with His disciples. If John had only known, as he watched his beloved Master going on in front, that He had reached the last week of His life, would he not have implored Him to turn back? Could His work be finished in three short years? Finished! Ended! Even John could not believe that there was to be no crown, no throne, no thousands kneeling at His footstool! Had he known that the death of a common slave, nailed upon a Roman cross, awaited Jesus in that crowded city, would he not with tears have begged his Master to seek safety? And the women—would they not have added their cries and entreaties? Jesus had told them, but they would not believe. Now He went on alone, none sharing His thoughts, none fit to share them, not even John, the beloved!

They lived again in the village of Bethany, most likely in tents and bowers of leafy branches; for it was warm April, with a full moon in the violet sky.

The time came for them to go to the Temple in the morning, and John rejoiced when Jesus called for an ass that He might ride. It was a sign of royalty! John shouted and sang, and spread his cloak of blue again and again on the path, that Jesus might ride over it as a king should. Others shouted and sang also, and waved palm branches in the air and threw them on the path. The Galileans in their tents by the side of the Kedron came joyfully up the hill to meet Him, bringing palms.

On the shoulder of the hill of Olivet, when the Golden Temple came into view, John sang praises to the son of King David—meaning Jesus—and blessings on the King that was coming in the name

of God. It was a dangerous thing to do, and they all knew it, and soon John saw Pharisees, who were to be found in every crowd, pressing forward to Jesus and calling to Him to stop their cries. He refused, and their joy rose higher. But there was no joy in Jesus' heart. John was astonished to see tears rolling down His cheeks as He looked across the valley at the great city with crowds thronging its streets.

"O Jerusalem," John heard Him exclaim, "had you but known this day the things that belong to your peace!" But he did not understand what Jesus meant, nor did the other disciples. Their thoughts were of the coming kingdom.

"Blessed is the kingdom that comes in the name of our father, King David," John shouted with the rest, leaping and dancing with joy, as the people crowded about them to see the young Prophet.

Through the dark city gate pressed the excited crowd, and up the narrow street to the Temple, with Jesus riding in their midst surrounded by friends. When voices from the housetops asked who He was, they answered, "Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."

John was there when Jesus dismounted at the

broad steps of the Temple, and pressed in after Him as He took off His sandals and passed with naked feet through the gates and the pillars, going from court to court, and John rejoiced when he heard cries of "Hosanna!" from the people in the Temple who recognized Jesus.

Jesus did nothing that day, nor did His enemies do anything. The Galileans were excited, and ready to resist. On the cloister roof stood the watchful figures of the Roman sentries, clad in shining brass, set there by Pilate the governor to watch all that went on in the open courts below. The Temple service was usually quiet, with no running together or striving or shouting, so that these sentinels could tell at once if there was rioting or even quarrelling among the worshippers below. They saw Jesus and His friends come in and move about, and, save for a few cries of welcome from the people, the Roman

watchers noticed nothing remarkable. And yet there was something.

Jesus loved the little home in Bethany where the two sisters kept their brother's house, and He lived there when He came to Jerusalem. It was a haven of rest to Him in the evening after a day of controversy in the Temple.

Verse Competition

(See July Number, page III.)

Prize Poem

If you go a-picnic-ing
And leave your scraps about,
You'll never see the little folk
Go running in and out.

For if the fairies visited
Your house, and they should see
A lot of odds and ends left there,
I'm sure they'd angry be.

So can you blame the little things
If, saddened by your ways,
They hide themselves away from you
On rowdy picnic days?

If very tidy you should be,
Of them you may catch sight.
I couldn't say you're certain to,
But there, perhaps you might!

Sent in by HILDA MAY HOLLOWAY,
40 Mimosa Street, Fulham, S.W.

Smiles Competition

All the Difference

Two Irishmen were crossing a bog, when one fell in. The other one hurried off to a near-by farm to fetch help.

Pat. "Quick! give me a spade. My comrade has fallen in the bog."

Farmer. "How far is he in?"

Pat. "Shure! and he's up to his ankles."

Farmer. "Well, just go across and lift him out."

Pat. "Ah, yes, but he went in head first!"

Sent in by G. MACDOUGALD,
"Dunolly," Stanwell Road, Ashford, Middlesex,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



PALM BRANCHES.



THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER XIII

"CALLER HERRIN'!"

THE vicar's request for help in his concert had not fallen on deaf ears. Noel loved organizing anything, from an expedition to an entertainment; and wet days were converted into both happy and busy days by practising the little play in which Billy the nigger got up to his antics, to the distress of his poor "Missus" and constantly hungry master.

Whoever wrote that sketch must have had Con in his mind's eye, and Con acted the hungry master with true sympathy—the chief "joke" being that whenever the "master" had any special tit-bits prepared by his loving wife, Billy the nigger got somehow into larder or parlour and gobbled them up till, in the final act, he was punished by finding the chocolate pudding contained something which gave him pains in his inside.

Noel insisted on plenty of rehearsals, though I do not believe they were so very necessary, since they all knew and acted as if they loved the fun.

The concert was going to be some event. Con's singing, too, would be great. He meant to begin with his "Star-spangled Banner" and conclude with "Hail, Columbia!" in which Noel and Ann joined. Con always got excited over "Hail, Columbia!" but fear lest Ann should fail to reach the top note kept his ecstasy within bounds. "Rule, Britannia!" and "God Save the King" would, of course, be "everybody's" game.

The final rehearsal of "Tiresome Billy" took place on a Thursday, and the children finished by taking all their "stage properties" down to the vicarage. To-morrow, they promised, should be entirely given to decorating the concert room.

"Shall we go up to Cairn House with Mr. Trenaint's concert ticket?" suggested Noel, as they trooped back through the village. "We may just as well; there's heaps of time, especially as Uncle Bob is going to be out for dinner."

"Let's take our dinner on to the moors," suggested Ann. "It's hot as summer, even if it is October, and we can pick heaps of heather for the decorations. Nothing is prettier."

The boys approved, and so did Rose, as it happened to be her afternoon out, and no dining-room lunch meant an earlier start for her. So all was well and merry, too, for the sun shone, and life was gay—for the Sunshine children.

But it was not gay for some one else!

Just by Mattick Hollow the sound of bitter woe reached Con's sharp ears, and, climbing down the steep path, who should he find but Harry Penfain, a lad of twelve, who was sitting nursing a hurt foot, whilst tears rolled down his cheeks.

This would never do! And calling Noel and Ann, Con listened with them to a tragic tale. Harry's father had come in at dawn with a fine catch of fish, and a heavy chill. Most unwillingly the plucky fellow had gone to bed, leaving it to Harry to take the fish in to the market at Carran Brea.

The rent, the Sunday dinner, practically the week's food, depended on the sale of the fish. Harry had set out in sturdy resolve to bring back an empty basket. But alas! a cluster of blackberries had proved to be disastrous, for he had overbalanced and fallen into the Hollow, spraining his foot so badly that, with the bravest will in the world, he could not climb out of his prison; and, oh dear! oh dear! the basket of fish was up yonder, where it would have to remain, since there was no chance of his getting to market.

To the sympathizers now gathered round him the tragedy had a simple method of healing.

"It's awfully hard luck about your foot," said Noel, "but Ann will tie it up for you; she's topping at first aid. And then we'll go straight to the market with your fish. We're sure to sell it, because it is still quite early, and three people *must* be able to sell quicker than one! Will you mind awfully if we leave you here till we come back? Then we'll help you home."

"And you can take care of our dinner basket," added Con. "We'll take your dinner out first, and it will pass the time for you to be eating. It'll prevent you thinking of your ankle!"

Noel grinned at this. Con had never sprained his ankle! Ann was quite pleased to render her first aid, though she had to borrow Noel's big handkerchief for a bandage, whilst Harry looked rather doubtful about the "treatment" of having his foot *and* boot soused with cold water

first. But he admitted his foot felt easier afterwards, and his thanks to these friends in need were husky with tears of gratitude.

"You needn't thank us," said honest Noel, "for if it weren't for your foot, and the pain, we should all *enjoy* the idea of marketing. Con can sing 'Caller Herrin'.' It does not matter if they are not all herrings. It's a nice song, and the squeak on the top note will make people look at the fish."

"*Squeak!*" retorted Con. "Squeak yourself! It's music."

Harry didn't mind about music; he was only thinking of the fish and its sale. He was not sure how little gentry would get on at a new trade. But he need not have worried. The little gentry were also shrewd little Americans, and were quite capable of marketing those silvery, glistening fish. I expect they would have sold them, even without Con's song, but there is no doubt "Caller Herrin'" and Con's pretty face hurried things up. Old women, young women, children, and even sturdy farmers all wanted to buy fish from the curly-wigged little singer, whose brother and sister were so eager and polite in helping serve out the mackerel, herrings, and haddocks.

There was no secrecy, either, about the young "strangers" being here. Of course they admitted they never had sold fish before, and they had no idea as to market prices; but they told the tale of poor Harry's accident, and smiled so trustfully into the faces of the buyers that not even Pinch Plum Somon, the meanest old miner in the neighbourhood, would have thought of under-paying. In fact, many an extra coin was proffered for "luck," or the "song," whilst I

am sure those jolly Cornish farmers were not going to tell their wives the price they paid for "caller herrin's" that day!

But the sale of Harry Penfain's fish was not to be completed without an incident which I can't call quite an adventure, though it *was* a thrill when the young salespeople spied Pamela-Pride and her dear friend Audrey coming along in their direction. Con spied them first, and he just hesitated a moment in the act of singing the

last verse of his song. The next instant his clear voice pealed up in the sad, sweet words, ending so passionately in

"Ca' them lives of men."

Con was thinking of a sick fisher going out with a heavy cold on him to earn his perilous livelihood, and then of a boy waiting lonesome in a Hollow, and he sang gloriously.

"What a pretty fisher boy," he heard Audrey say; and the next moment all three Sunshine children were facing Pamela Polwillan and her cousin.

"Why, it's Pamela!" cried Ann, who had not recognized her at first, and she was going to hold out a very "fishy" little fist had not Pamela pulled Audrey away.

"Let's go on and find mother," the Winshaws heard her

say. "She doesn't mean me ever to have anything more to do with those American children. You can see, darling, they're quite impossible, though I should have thought even they would have stopped at selling fish in the street."

Ann dared not look at Noel, fearing an explosion. It was a positive relief to hear Con's clear tones repeating in shrill sweetness,—

"Caller herrin'! Cal—ler—her—er—in'!"



ANN WAS QUITE PLEASED TO RENDER HER FIRST AID, THOUGH SHE HAD TO BORROW NOEL'S BIG HANDKERCHIEF FOR A BANDAGE.

Pamela and Audrey moved forward, whilst Noel touched Ann's arm. "Shall I go after them and tell them what we think of *them*?" he asked huskily; but Ann would not allow it.

"The fish are not all sold," she reminded Mr. Indignation, "and we want every one to go. Look, here comes an old lady!"

The old lady was their last customer, and she asked whether they would be coming again, as she would like to look out for them!

Noel explained the situation. "We may come again," he added, "if Harry's father is well enough to go fishing. If Harry is lame we can walk in. It would be real mean to let them chance losing their catch."

The old lady held out her hand. "I want to shake hands with you all," she said. "You are fine children. God bless you in your work of making other people happy." Then on she went, leaving the Sunshine children to smile into each other's eyes in great content. Only—though praise was nice, they did not need it or hardly deserved it—they felt it had all been such *fun*.

Harry Penfain, however, thought it a good deal more than fun when he saw the pile of money which streamed down into his open hands. "I couldn't have earned all that much money," he declared. "There wasna the fish in the basket."

But the others only laughed at him.

"Wait till you get home to count it," said Con. "It's all fish money, every bit. People must have paid more because they were afraid to cheat us. And oh, Ann, open the basket and find the cold tea Rose put in, for caller herrin'ing is some real thirsty work."

"You had the thirsty part," said Ann, obeying the request, "but we had fun!"

"We all did," retorted Con. "I don't know which was the best part."

"Guess I do," said Noel. "It was watching Pamela's nose trying to turn straight up on end."

Ann shook her head. "I liked giving Harry the money better," she replied softly.

Con put down the bottle. "And I believe drinking cold tea was best of the lot," he summed up.

Harry sat beaming on them all. "If you ain't real gentry!" he sighed. "I know mother will be blessin' you. To think you did it for us. I know why they says at Claudeen you're sunshine. You've been sunshine to us to-day."

And the children's smiles shone.

I don't think they even remembered Pamela-Pride when they told Uncle Bob the story of selling fish in Carran Brea market.

As for Uncle Bob, I'm glad to tell you he said, "Well done!" It would have been so sad if he had been like Louisa—and not understood!

(To be continued.)

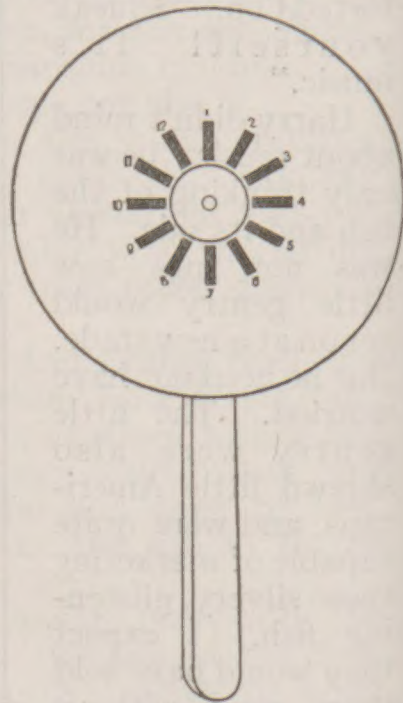
THINGS TO MAKE



The Cinema Wheel

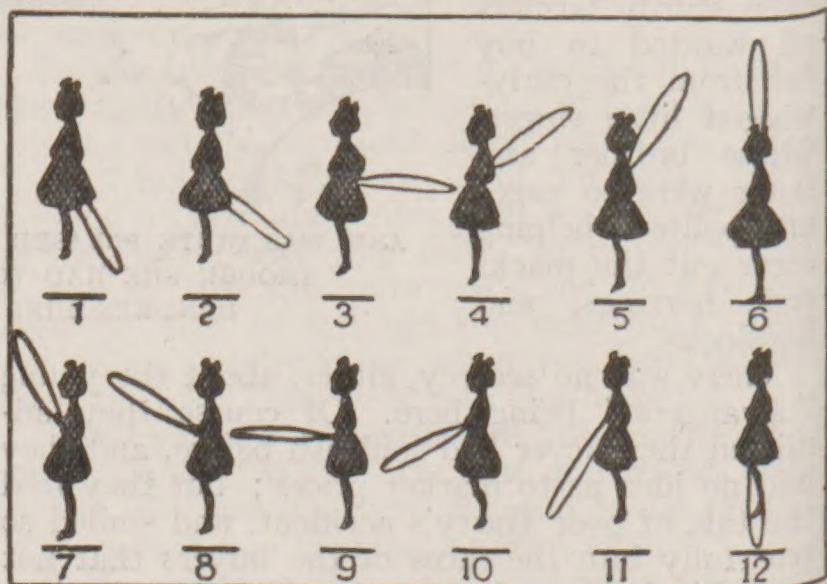
HERE is a magic toy that you can make which will give you lots of fun some rainy day when you can't be out-of-doors.

From a piece of white cardboard cut a disc five inches in diameter. In its centre draw a circle one inch in diameter, as shown here. Next, cut the twelve slots as shown in the illustration, each one-half inch long and one-eighth inch wide. Cut out the twelve figures shown below, and paste them just above the slots over the corresponding number shown on the wheel. Next, pin the wheel through its centre to a stick as a handle.



Stand before a mirror, holding the wheel so that the figures of the girl are reflected into the mirror while your eyes are at the back of the wheel looking through the slots at the images in the mirror. Whirl the wheel with your free hand, and the girl will skip in a most lifelike manner.

If you draw ever so little, you can design other



figures, such as a dog jumping a fence, or an elephant walking, using ink with which to fill in the outlines made with your pencil.

Childhood of Famous People

4. David Livingstone

THE old world goes on its way, so full of sorrows and so full of sin, that the pages of her history

make often but sorrowful reading. So many of her sons there are who strive only for riches and renown, who trample down the weak and helpless or use them as stepping-stones to achieve their end, and it seems as if selfishness and cruelty were everywhere triumphant. But here and there a name stands out upon the dark page, the name of a hero, writ in shining gold, and the story of his life seems to lift poor human nature out of the dust and makes it once more possible to believe that we are the sons of God.

Like stars in a dark sky those names shine out, and there are none that shine with a steadier, purer radiance than the name of David Livingstone.

At the sound of that name a figure stands before us as lifelike and as real as if he had lived but yesterday. It is the figure of a man tall, strong, and powerful, with keen, fearless eyes, and the background is the dark continent of Africa where he laboured to bring deliverance to the captive and carried the light of God's truth into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

This splendid figure with his splendid plan, his knowledge and dauntless courage, we watch him as he pushes his way through pathless jungles where the foot of a white man had never trod, fighting with lions and wild beasts, fighting a more strenuous fight yet with disease and death, strong of arm and strong of brain, with a heart as tender and compassionate as a woman's. From what great family, we ask, did this hero spring, what splendid chances went to the making of this man?



A little grey village in Scotland, as poor and commonplace as the lives of the hard-working people who lived there beside the cotton-spinning factories: this was the birthplace of David Livingstone. A boyhood of toil and hardship, a daily fight with poverty, a struggle to obtain books and learning, these were the difficulties of which the boy made stepping-stones to reach the goal, aided by no brilliant chances of birth, riches, or education.

In one of the narrow alleys of the village of Blantyre, in Lanarkshire, there lived, about a hundred years ago, a poor hard-working family called Livingstone. The father, Neil Livingstone, was an upright, industrious man, rather stern perhaps, but with a kindly

heart beneath the sternness, and with good, brave Highland blood in his veins. His grandfather had fought many a battle for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and at last at Culloden had laid down his life for his king. That was a story which the children were never tired of hearing, although their mother would shake her head over the tale, and tell how her grand-

father fought on the other side. She, too, could tell many stories of the deeds of her grandfather, who had lived in those cruel, terrible times when the Covenanters were hunted down like wild beasts, driven from their homes to take refuge in caves, and imprisoned or put to death for conscience' sake.

The mother's blue-grey eyes shone as she talked of those days, and although she was so small and delicate, it was easy to see that the spirit of the Covenanters still dwelt within her, and that she would have fearlessly faced death for what she believed to be the right. There was never a more loyal and loving soul than that which dwelt in this humble Scottish mother, and her clear eyes were like windows out of which "her love came beaming freely like the light of the sun."

It was a hard life and a difficult one which the mother had to face. The money Neil Livingstone earned by selling tea was little enough, and there were five children to feed and clothe, besides the two little mounds in the churchyard which left such an ache in the mother's heart.

It was on March 19, 1813, that David was born, just when the last wreaths of snow were melting behind the dykes, and the first signs of spring had begun to cheer the land after the long, dour winter days. He was a strong, healthy child, as hardy as his Highland forefathers, and with his gentle mother's beautiful eyes and a great deal of her tender, loving nature.

There was plenty of work in the home for even small hands to do, and as soon as David was old enough to go to the village school he had begun to be quite a help to his mother. She was very particular about keeping the house neat and tidy and spotlessly clean, and she taught David to be thorough in all his work. When he swept the room for her there was no leaving of dust in dark corners where it might not be noticed, no dusting round in circles and not underneath. David learned to be as careful and tidy as she was herself, and did his work most cheerfully, only asking that the door might be kept shut while he was sweeping out the room, so that the other village boys might not see him doing housework.

Neil Livingstone was very strict with his children, and his word was law in the house. Whenever he made a rule they all knew it must be obeyed, and that nothing would excuse disobedience. One of his rules was that every night at dusk the cottage door was locked for the night, and the children were all expected to be home by that time.

Now it happened that one night David was so much interested in his games that he never noticed

that the sun had gone down, and when he raced home in the gloaming, it was to find the door shut and barred as usual, while he was left outside. He looked blankly at the closed door for a few minutes, but never dreamed of knocking or kicking. His father's rules were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and there was nothing to do but to make the best of it. A kind neighbour, seeing him standing there supperless, gave him a slice of bread, and David sat down on the doorstep, ate his supper, and then curled himself up to sleep. Of course his mother, missing the child, when it grew late came anxiously to the door to look out, and found him quite prepared to spend the night there, and of course his father, smiling rather grimly, said, "Bring the bairn in."

By the time David was ten years old he was considered big enough to begin to earn his own living and do something towards helping the rest of the family. A place was found for him at the cotton-spinning mill, his days at the village school came to an end, and he began to work like a man.

Every morning he had his porridge at five o'clock, buttoned his jacket tightly, pulled on his bonnet, and set out in the pitch darkness or faint grey light of dawn to walk to the factory, where work began at six o'clock. He was what was called a "piecer," and his work was to watch the looms and tie together the threads which broke in the weaving.

It was not very exciting work, but it was extremely tiring, and except for a break for meals, it went on until eight o'clock at night, which meant working almost fourteen hours a day.

But if David found it hard at first, when Saturday came, and he was paid his first earnings, he was as happy as a king. He held the half-crown tight in his fist, having carefully planned beforehand what he meant to do with it, and then he started for the village shop, where he had seen an old Latin grammar for sale. He had set his heart on that grammar, and it did not cost a great deal, so when he had it safe under his arm he ran all the way home, and bursting into the room, threw his earnings into his mother's lap. It was quite the proudest day in his life.

The old Latin grammar helped to lighten many a dull hour at his work now. He propped it up on the top of the spinning-frame, and as he went backwards and forwards he learned little pieces of it by heart, until he became a fairly good Latin scholar.

It might have been supposed that after fourteen hours at the factory David would have been glad to rest or play when he got home at night, but instead of that he was off at once to the night

school, and even when he returned at ten o'clock he would still sit up poring over his beloved books, until his mother came and blew out the candle and bade him be off to bed.

All the children loved books, and they had always been encouraged by their father to read as much as possible. Neil Livingstone himself collected all the books he could, and was specially fond of stories of travel and missionary work. Whenever there was a missionary meeting held within walking distance he was always there, and he took David with him whenever he could. Those long days of work in the factory, the hours spent in the night-school, and the poring over books till midnight might make one think that David was merely a studious, hard-working boy, but whenever a holiday came round he showed what a splendid out-of-door boy he was as well. Away on the moors, scrambling over rocks, climbing hills, wading the river, he was in his element, and what David did not know about plants and beetles, birds and butterflies, was not considered worth knowing by the other boys. If he was keen on his books, he was just as keen on making collections, hunting for plants, and gathering together all kinds of out-of-door knowledge. Nothing escaped his eye.

He was keen, too, on games, and knew all the best pools for fishing, so that once he actually caught a salmon. It was forbidden by law to land a salmon, but David could not bring himself to be a law-abiding citizen that time. It seemed a shame to throw the great glittering fish into the water again, and yet it was almost impossible to carry it home without being seen. His brother Charlie was with him, and together they considered the matter, with the result that David slipped the salmon down the leg of Charlie's trousers and then marched him home.

"Puir bairn, he's got an awfu' swollen leg," said the neighbours pityingly as they passed, and David managed to keep his face becomingly solemn until they reached home. There was no doubt that David was the greatest favourite with all his brothers and sisters. The whole house was merrier when David was at home, for he could tell such splendid stories and was always ready to play games with the little ones.

All this time there was something else David was learning besides his factory work and his night-school lessons, and that was to be honest and straightforward and truthful in word and deed. He had been early taught to fear God, but as he grew older something more powerful than fear began to take hold of his heart. The more he thought of our Lord's wonderful life on earth, the more his heart was filled with a great admiration and a great love, and a longing to follow in His footsteps even afar off.

It was the thought of that going forth to seek and to save that which was lost, to help the helpless and the weak, that made the boy's heart burn within him. That tender healing of body as well as soul, the carrying of light into dark places, made his heart throb with a great hero-worship, and slowly, day by day, he began to weave his plan of service for his Master, while he watched the weaving of the thread in the loom and joined the broken pieces together.

There were far-off lands still in darkness, waiting for the light. There were helpless men, women, and little children stretching out their hands and calling for aid, souls and bodies, as of old, waiting to be healed.

He was only a poor factory boy dreaming his great dream of service, longing to try to follow the example of the Great Physician, making up his mind steadfastly to do his best, however poor that best might be; yet there in the little grey village of the North, hedged in on every side with difficulties, he manfully set his face towards the good, and never once did he turn back.

And what was the good towards which he strove so earnestly? It was not the love and admiration of his fellow-countrymen, not a name that should be famous all the world over, nor the honoured rest beneath the Abbey roof which shelters England's heroes. All these were to be his indeed, but it was a higher reward he sought, even the sound of his Master's voice, saying once again, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The Family and the Home

THE family, like the home in which they live, needs to be kept in repair, lest some little rift in the walls should appear and let in the wind and rain. The happiness of a family depends very much on attention to little things. Order, comfort, regularity, cheerfulness, good taste, pleasant conversation—these are the ornaments of daily life, deprived of which it degenerates into wearisome routine.

There must be light in the dwelling, and brightness and pure spirits and cheerful smiles. Home is not usually the place of toil, but the place to which we return and rest from our labours, in which parents and children meet together and pass a careless and joyful hour. To have nothing to say to others at such times, in any rank of life, is a very unfortunate temper of mind, and may perhaps be regarded as a serious fault; at any rate it makes a house vacant and joyless.

BENJAMIN JOWETT.

Picture Children.

6. Emmy and Laura

WHEN Sir Thomas Lawrence had painted the two girls whose portraits appear below, he looked at the finished work and said, "This is my best picture."

The two little girls are Emily—"Emmy," as she was called—and Laura Calmady. They were very pretty children, and Mr. Lewis, a friend of their father and mother, used to say, "You ought to have their portraits painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence." Their mother would have liked this; but she knew it would cost two hundred and fifty guineas, and



THE CALMADY CHILDREN.

(By Sir T. Lawrence.)

though she was not poor she could not spend so much money on a portrait. In those days photography had not been discovered. Mr. Lewis said that if Lawrence saw the children he would wish to paint them, even if he did not charge much for his work; but Mrs. Calmady said she would not have things for which she could not pay.

In July 1823 Sir Thomas saw the children, and wished very much to paint them. He said he would paint them for two hundred guineas; but he could see by her face that Mrs. Calmady could not spend so much, so, without waiting for her to speak, he said, "Well, we must say £150 for the two little heads in a circle and some sky, and finish at once."

At half-past nine o'clock the next morning he began to work, and seemed to enjoy it. He first made a sketch in chalk, and Mrs. Calmady liked this so much that Sir Thomas gave it to her, and made another one for himself. While he was painting the picture he kept on saying it would be the best he had ever painted.

When Sir Thomas had done as much as he could at each sitting he did not send the children away, for he had grown very fond of them. He kept them by him, read stories to them, and amused them every way he could. Sometimes he gave them a good meal, so that he might go on painting the portraits again in the afternoon.

One day when Mrs. Calmady had been with them at the artist's house in the morning she went home to attend to her baby. When she came back she found Sir Thomas with little Laura on his knees, feeding her with mutton chop and mashed potatoes. A servant was feeding Emily, and Sir Thomas was coaxing her to eat. After dinner and a romp round the room, Laura told him the tales of "Dame Wiggins" and "Fie Mice and Raspberry Cream," and then Sir Thomas went on with his painting once more.

One day Sir Thomas gave the children the dinner first, and then sat down to have his own. While he was busy eating, Laura went quietly off to his paints, and, playing with them, daubed some of the colours on her face and hands, so that when Sir Thomas looked round he was quite a fright. When Mrs. Calmady came back that day Sir Thomas was not painting; but he and his servant were busy washing little Laura and trying to scrub the paint from her hands and face.

King George the Fourth had heard of the picture of these children from the Duchess of Gloucester, and said he would like to see it. A messenger was sent to him, and he liked it so much that he said he would pay £2,000 for it; but hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Calmady wished very much to keep it, he did not press them to sell it, though if he had they would most likely have thought it was their duty to let the king have it.

Engravings were made of the picture, and these were sold all over the world.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol. He was born in 1769, and was a clever child. When he was only five years old he could recite poetry from the works of Collins, Shakespeare, and Milton, and he could draw portraits.

He did not know whether to be a painter or an actor, but at last he became an artist, and after

painting at Oxford and Bath he went to London. He soon became widely known, and went on painting until his death in 1830. His pictures are very valuable now. Not long ago one of them was bought at a sale for eight thousand guineas. Another of Lawrence's pictures is "A Child with a Kid," which is shown below. It is really a



LADY GEORGIANA FANE.
(By Sir T. Lawrence.)

Portrait of Lady Georgiana Fane, the daughter of Earl, when she was five years of age. The kid is shown at her feet, but it is not shown in our picture, and in the painting itself it is not easy to see it.

Motto for October

The grand essentials of happiness are:
something to do, something to love, and some-
thing to hope for.

CHALMERS.

Sent in by NOEL THOMAS JONES,
Stoneybridge, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Dew, Frost, Rain

"HOW is it, Uncle George, that there is always a clear space between the spout of the kettle and the puff of steam?"

It was Frank who asked the question. He had been watching the kettle boiling for a long time.

"It is the same with the railway engine," said Tom. "There is always a big space between the funnel and the puff."

"That is so," said Uncle George. "But if you watch carefully you will notice that the space between the funnel of the engine and the puff of steam is not always of the same size."

"No," said Frank, "I have noticed that the white puff is farther away from the funnel on a hot day than on a cold day."

"That is true," said his uncle. "Perhaps you have also noticed that, as the engine rushes along, it leaves a long white cloud trailing in the air behind it. Sooner or later this long white cloud melts away from sight. It melts away sooner on a hot day than on a cold day. Where does it go?"

"It goes into the air," said Frank; "just as the cloud from this kettle goes into the air of the room."

"Very good," said Uncle George. "Tom, will you please fetch me a tumbler full of cold water, and see that the outside of the glass is quite dry?"

When Tom came back with the glass of cold water, Uncle George wiped it outside with a clean dry cloth. When he was sure that the outside of it was dry, he placed the tumbler of water on the table in the middle of the warm room.

"Now," he said, "let us try to answer Frank's question about the clear space between the spout of the kettle and the puff of steam."

"The fact is," Uncle George went on, "the white puff which we call *steam* is not steam at all. We might just as well call it '*water-dust*.' For it is made up of tiny droplets of water—so tiny that they float in air. Steam is water in the form of gas. Like the air we breathe, it cannot be seen. In fact, this water-gas forms part of the air around us. The clear space between the spout of the kettle and the puff is made up of hot steam. We cannot see it. As it comes out into the colder air it is cooled into the tiny droplets which form the puff. It is only when cooled into tiny droplets that we can see it."

"If you hold any cold object, such as a knife, in

the puff, these water particles run together and form large drops upon it. The cloud of water-dust melts away in the room, as Frank told us. What takes place is this. The tiny droplets, when spread out into the warm air, become real steam, or 'water-gas,' again.

"The outside of this tumbler of cold water was quite dry when I placed it on the table. Run your finger along it and tell me what you find."

Frank did so, and said, "Why, it is quite wet now."

"Yes," said Uncle George, "it is covered all over with very small drops of water. Where did this water come from. It could not come *through* the glass."

"It is like dew," said Tom.

"It is dew—*real dew*," said Uncle George. "The water in the glass is much colder than the air around it. The film of air next the glass is cooled, and the 'water-gas' which this film of air contains is changed into water drops."

"The earth is heated during the day by the sun, and the layer of air next to it becomes filled with water-gas. At night the earth gets cold. The water-gas, if the night is calm, comes out of the film of air next to the earth. It settles in the form of tiny drops on everything around."

"When the earth gets very cold, the water freezes as it changes from gas to water, and instead of dew we have *hoar-frost*."

"Oh, that is why we have frost on the *inside* of the window panes in winter," said Frank.

"That is so," said his uncle. "The frost on your window pane is the water-gas of the warm room changed into particles of ice. But let us come back to our steam puff. We spoke about the long white streak of water-dust which the engine leaves behind it. Do you know of anything else like that outside?"

"Oh yes," said Tom, "the clouds far up in the sky are very like it."

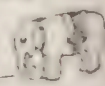
"They are," said Uncle George. "In fact, the clouds in the sky and the cloud behind the engine are just the same kind of thing. They are both made up of tiny particles of water."

"What happens when warm air, which holds much water-gas, rises up to the higher and colder parts of the sky?"

"It gets cooled," answered Frank.

"Yes, and its water-gas gets cooled too. Then we can see it as great masses of water-dust. These masses we call *clouds*. If these masses of cloud get further cooled, the tiny water particles run together to form great drops—as they did on the cold knife. They are now too large and heavy to float in the air, so they fall to the earth as *rain*."

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Mouse's Castle

SILVERSTREAK AND STARSPANGLE

SILVERSTREAK and Starspangle and Starling were such good friends that they often went shares in any tit-bits either of them might find. It was not any credit to Starspangle that they didn't quarrel; it was because Silverstreak had such a sweet temper. She knew she was only a little grey mouse, and wasn't even proud of her bright eyes, little pink-lined ears, and elegant long tail. But Starspangle would twist and turn himself about in the sunshine, so that Silverstreak might see and admire the lovely spangles of blue and green, purple and white on his satin suit. He had wings, and Silverstreak had none. He could fly away right up to the top of the pepper-pot turret where Ginger was on the prowl; but Silverstreak had to trust to her four little legs to save him. "You've no wings; you can only creep into a hole for safety," he said to Silverstreak one day.

"You may be glad of a hole yet; I know?" laughed Silverstreak.

A few hours afterwards Starspangle thought he would pay a visit to the Vicar's garden. The way; there was always plenty of food to be found there. It was rather a chilly day, but very warm and cosy in the glass house where the Vicar kept his tender plants.

One little window was open. Starspangle flew in, and was soon busy poking and prying amongst the flower-pots, picking up all the insects he could see. Then the gardener came in, and Starspangle hid behind a plant till he was gone out again and shut the door behind him.

When Starspangle wanted to go home

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and flew to the little window, he found it shut. That was what the gardener had come to do.

Round and round flew Starspangle; he could see the blue sky outside, but he couldn't get through.

He got wild with fright at last, and beat himself against the glass, falling back every time, till he dropped half-fainting with terror and bruises.

He was on a bench close to the glass, and outside was a little window-ledge. Just as he was thinking of tucking his head under his wing and giving himself up for lost, he heard a "Squeak! squeak!" and there was Silverstreak!

When Starspangle saw her he began fluttering against the glass again, but Silverstreak piped, "Creep! creep!" and ran to a hole in the woodwork just close to where Starspangle was.

"I can't creep. I *must* fly," moaned Starspangle.

"Creep! creep! or you'll never fly again," squeaked Silverstreak; but Starspangle couldn't believe he could get out that way.

Silverstreak was in great distress, and puzzled what to do with her silly friend. She crept in and out of the hole to show him how easy it was; and at last poor, foolish Starspangle, looking through the hole, saw the blue sky and Silverstreak waiting for him. He ducked his head and saw trees and his own pepper-pot turret in the distance. In went his head, then his body, and then his two long thin legs, and in an instant he was free!

He was so glad that he flew away to his home in the west pepper-pot turret without staying to thank Silverstreak; but I am pleased to say he remembered it before long, and flew straight back to do it.

He found the Merry Mother Mouse teaching her family to sing "The Blind Mice;" so he stayed and helped them, for Starspangle was a good singer.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than October 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for October

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay on "Broadcasting" or "Wireless."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of five different kinds of nuts, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

FIFTEEN SQUARE PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5

Fill in the remaining blank squares with the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, so that when the columns are read vertically, horizontally, and diagonally, the total in each case is 15. All the figures must be used the same number of times.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Write an account of your favourite parable, and say why it appeals to you.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Read the following poem:—

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

Write a poem like this about a puppy dog or some other pet.

PECULIAR INSECTS

Behead an insect and rearrange the remains, and you will have another insect that can always be found at the head of a certain fleet animal and at the back of a large, slow animal.

Cut a large insect in half and find that one of the halves is an insect of another kind.

Rearrange a certain insect and get the feet of animals, or cut off its head and get a reptile.

Cut off a third of a certain insect and a musical instrument will remain.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of chrysanthemums, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress describing some jolly day you have spent during the summer.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a new school bag, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

WORD-MAKING COMPETITION

Write a list of all the words of more than three letters you can make from the word "Competition."

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for August

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs. Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—R. M. Blake, Elmcroft, Elmhurst Road, Gosport, Hants; Florrie Gregory, Lynhurst, First Street, Langton, Kent; Barbara Smith, Wynd Holm, Houghton Road, Dunstable.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Iris Esmé Scully, Challens Yarde, Easebourne, near Midhurst, Sussex. Barbara Smith, Wynd Holm, Houghton Road, Dunstable.

Honourable Mention.—James Holmes, 59 Beacon Lane, Liverpool; Tom Williams, 11 Ormerod Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Doreen I. Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex. May E. Millican, Upper Ardreagh, Aghadowey, Co. Derry.

Honourable Mention.—Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Mary Stewart, Main Street, Cullybackey, Co. Antrim; Hilda Shaw, Greenland Cottage, Larne.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Dorothy Benyon, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs. Joan Benjamin Garment, York Road, Llandudno.

Honourable Mention.—Stella Hewison, Marr Vicarage, Doncaster; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—R. Blake, Elmcroft, Elmhurst Road, Gosport, Hants. Marjorie Moore, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Reggie Beach, Wyburn, New Road, Rubery, near Birmingham; Arthur Douthwaite, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.

DOT PUZZLE

[The solution is as follows:—A. Boa; egg; Nen; Joe; yes. B. Era; Sol; tab; hie; err; rat. The four names are thus: Benjy, Agnes, Esther, Albert.]

The best answers were sent in by:—

Prize-Winners.—Ulrica Kent, Leeming Vicarage, Bedale, Yorks. Gordon White, 44 Talfourd Avenue, Reading.

Honourable Mention.—Robert H. Kennedy, Captain Street, Coleraine; Margaret Ward, 17 King Street South, Rochdale; John Patton, Montilly, Sion Mill; Dorothy Benyon, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.; Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, Co. Down.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs. Philip Goode, Whetty, Rubery, near Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Long, The Limes, Lydiate Ash, Bromsgrove; Clare Kearney, 24 Oakwood Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds; Enid Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Keith N. Blake, Elmcroft, Elmhurst Road, Gosport, Hants. Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—John Bridge, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs.; May Webster, Gannow Lane, Rubery, near Birmingham.

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